Per. I will beleeue you by the ſillable of what you ſhall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharſus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good ſir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, giue mee a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ruſhing vppon me, ore-beare the ſhores of my mortality, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And another like to *Peric*

Mar. Is it no more to
thers name was *Thaiſa*?
the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on
Giue me freſh garments,
at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould
tell thee all, when thou ſ
ſhe is thy very Princes;

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouer
melancholy, did come to

Per. I embrace you, gi
I am wilde in my behold
But harke, what Muſicks
Tell him ore point by po
How ſure you are my da

Hell. My Lord, I heare

Per. None? the Muſic

Lyſ. It is not good to

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord

Per. Moſt heauenly mu
It nips me vnto liſtening
Hangs vpon mine eyes,

Lyſ. A pillow for his h
Well my companion frie
Hefe, Ile well remember

Diana. My Temple ſta
Hie thee thither, and do
my maiden prieſts are m
ueale how thou at ſea di
with thy daughters call,
performe my bidding,
by my ſiluer bow; awak

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, G
I will obey thee: *Hellica*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH LIBRARY